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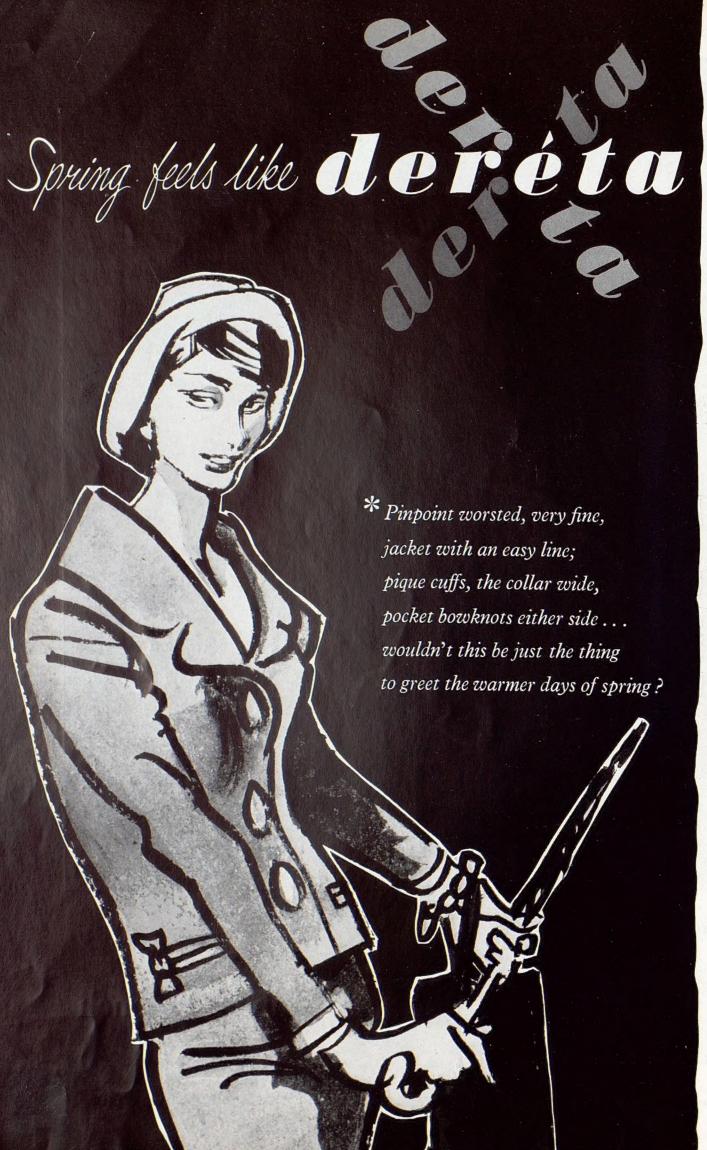


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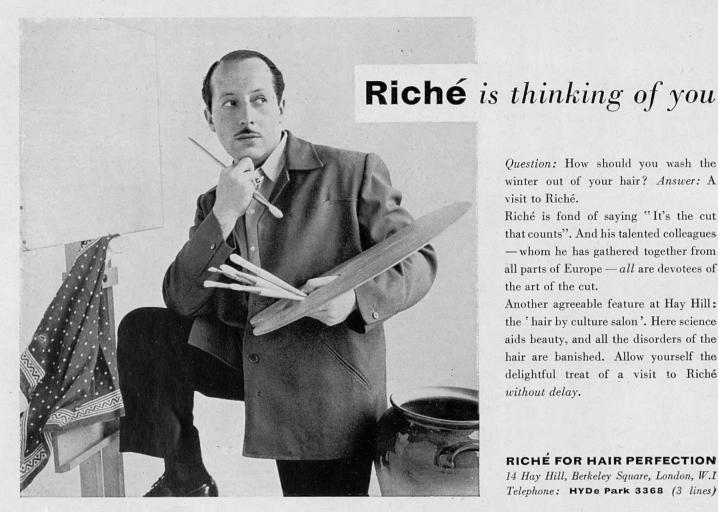
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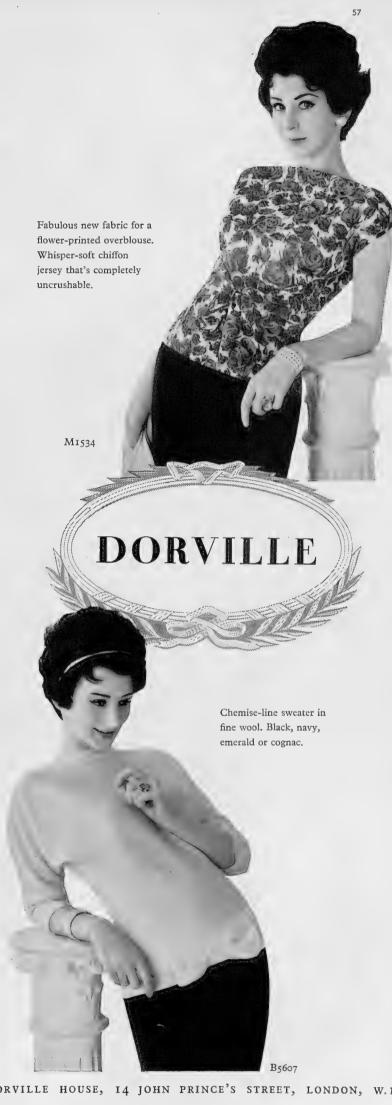
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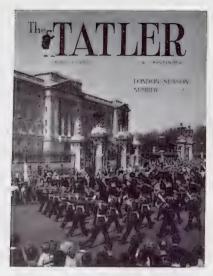
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In this issue.

ARTICLES about the London season by the Hon. Mrs. Fraser and the Countess of Listowel (See pages 73-77). The Hon. GERALD LASCELLES reviews Jazz records—a new regular feature (see page 84).



WHEN THE GUARDS ARE ON PARADE, especially if the sun is PARADE, especially if the sun is shining, the sight is as irresistible to Londoners as it is to visitors. Every fine morning during the summer—and sometimes on wet ones too the crowds gather outside Bucking-ham Palace and along the Mall to watch the scarlet tunics and the bearskins go by. The Changing of the Guard is one of the colourful traditional ceremonies that give a unique quality to the London season

DIARY of the week

FROM 10 APRIL TO 16 APRIL

THURSDAY 10 APRIL

Point-to-Point: Woodland Pytchley (Dingley).

A concert of Mozart music will be performed in the Royal Festival Hall at 8 p.m. by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Otto Klemperer.

Racing at Windsor.

FRIDAY 11 APRIL

Royal visit: The Queen and Prince Philip will visit H.Q. Royal Army Ordnance Corps at Deepcut, Surrey.

Racing at Hurst Park, Catterick Bridge. N.H.: Bangor-on-Dee.

SATURDAY 12 APRIL

Point-to-Points: Albrighton Wood-land (Chadesley Corbett), Bel-

voir (Garthorpe), Cotswold (Stow on-the-Wold), Crawley and Hor-sham (Parham), Eglinton (Tar-bolton), Essex Union, Holder-ness (Dalton Park), Hursley, Monmouthshire (Llanrapley), West Kent (Yaldham), Whaddon Chase (Great Horwood).

Colour films of Scotland will be shown at the Royal Festival Hall with commentary by Alastair Sim, 3 p.m.

Margot Fonteyn will dance with the Royal Ballet in the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in a performance of Le Lac des Cygnes, 2.30 p.m.

Racing at Hurst Park, Catterick Bridge, Leicester. N.H.: Taunton, Rothbury, Bangor-on-Dee.

SUNDAY 13 APRIL

Kathleen Ferrier is the subject of a lecture given by Winifred Ferrier in the Recital Room of the Royal Festival Hall, 7.45 p.m. This lecture is in aid of the Kathleen Ferrier Cancer Research Fund and will be illustrated by records.

MONDAY 14 APRIL

Concert: The Ceramic City Choir of Stoke-on-Trent and the Liver-pool Philharmonic Orchestra will hold a special concert of choral music at which Princess Margaret will be present.

Fair: The third Industrial Textiles Trade Fair will commence at the Royal Albert Hall.

Racing at Leicester. N.H.: Fontwell Park.

TUESDAY 15 APRIL

Exhibition: Last few days of the showing of paintings from the E. J. Power collection at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1.

Racing at Newmarket.

WEDNESDAY 16 APRIL.

Horse Show: Ponies of Britain Club Stallion Show on Royal Ascot Racecourse, Ascot, Berkshire.

Royal Inspection: The 1st Bn. of the Welsh Guards will be inspected at Pirbright by Prince

Racing at Newmarket.

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The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXVIII. No. 2961

9 April 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



PERSONALITY

First Lady

The Queen makes the London Season what it is. After all, other capitals have seasons. There is no event more fashionable than, say, the Longchamp races of Paris. The coming-out balls of the United States and Canada are as lavish as any held in Britain. But nowhere else offers a combination of attractions so varied as those of the London Season and nowhere else can provide that essential ingredient—the British monarchy. For it is the Queen—and the spectacle and ceremony that go with her presence—who lifts the London Season above all competition.

This charming picture, taken during the Royal visit to Holland, captures the colour and excitement of so many of the Royal occasions that enliven London's summer. The smile of enjoyment. The sparkle of

jewellery. The fashion interest. The rich setting of pageantry. Without doubt the Season revolves around the Queen, where she goes and how she looks. The fortunate thing is that she enjoys so many of the events (especially those concerned with racing and riding), for it is an arduous programme. This year it follows the busiest eighteen months of her reign, in which in addition to her normal duties the Queen has made formal visits to Portugal, France, Denmark, the United States, Canada and Holland.

Next year there will be a minor respite.

Next year there will be a minor respite. The Queen will no longer hold Presentation Parties for débutantes. But the Season will go on just the same and some people will wonder whatever made them think it was going to be so different. It probably never will be while the Queen is there to lead it,





THE QUEEN
IN HOLLAND

There was a London season atmospher to the Queen's State Visit to Holland Flags lined the quay where Queen's lined the visitors (far left), and crowds cheered as the two monarch

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Now for the London Season

by JENNIFER

words about the season. By tradition it opens officially the first week in May with the Private View of the Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy, Burlington House. The Queen and Prince Philip, with the Court, will then be back in residence at Buckingham Palace, with informal weekends at Windsor Castle. During the season, which ends with the opening of Goodwood race week on 29 July, they have a full list of engagements, outstanding among them the official state visit of the Italian President from 13-15 May. The Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra also have a steady list of fixtures to fulfil.

For Princess Margaret it will be a short one, as she leaves for her trip to Trinidad, British Honduras and British Guiana on 19 April and does not return until 3 May. Then she leaves again on 11 July for British Columbia where she is to attend the Province's centenary celebrations. After about a fortnight there, she will go on to spend about ten days in other parts of Canada.

The hardy annuals of the London season include the Chelsea Flower Show, the Royal Windsor and the Royal Richmond Horse Shows, Trooping the Colour, the Derby race meeting at Epsom, Royal Ascot, the All-England Lawn Tennis championships at Wimbledon, Royal Henley Regatta, and the Royal Garden parties. For most of the débutantes the first big event of the London season is Queen Charlotte's Ball at Grosvenor House on 6 May. There has, of course, been a lot of pre-season entertaining with cocktail parties and some dances, for this year's débutantes, since the third week in March, when the last of the Royal Presentation parties took place, but the private dances really begin after Queen Charlotte's Ball. They then take place every night. In 1959, with no Presentation parties, let us hope that most of the pre-season entertaining for débutantes will be cut out, and their dances and other functions confined to the three months of the summer season beginning the first week in May and again during the little season from the beginning of October to Christmas.

The Household Cavalry, the Royal Horse Guards in particular, should be very proud that two of their young officers home on leave from Cyprus won two of the most important races at the Grand Military at Sandown Park. The highlight of the meeting is the Grand Military Gold Cup, a steeplechase of a little over three miles for five-year-olds and upwards, the property of regular (including short service regular) commissioned officers of the Navy, Army or Air Force. This year it was won by Capt. Sir Nicholas Nuttall on his own horse Stalbridge Park. He rode a splendid race, always lying handy, and a fine finish when he held off the challenge of Le Voyageur ridden by his owner Capt. A. W. C. Pearn of the Royal Marines, and Eastern Chance, also ridden by his owner Capt. P. Bengough of the 11th Hussars.

Earlier in the afternoon Capt. Lord Patrick Beresford, who like Sir Nicholas Nuttall is in the Blues and stationed in Cyprus, won the Past and Present Hunters Steeplechase on Topper, owned by Major R. B. Collie of the King's Dragoon Guards. He too rode a good race, making use of Topper's finishing speed to beat Major H. P. Rushton's Monks Choice ridden by Lt.-Col. W. R. Holman, and the joint favourite Tartary ridden by his owner Mr. Gay Kindersley.

Well done, the Blues!

The Queen, wearing her nutria-trimmed grey-blue coat (which I remember her wearing at this meeting two years ago), with a little hat to match, came down with the Queen Mother, who was in bottle green with a wide mink stole, to see the horses in the paddock before the big race, and afterwards they came down to the unsaddling enclosure where the Queen presented the Gold Cup to Nicholas. Both the Queen and the Queen Mother congratulated him on his success, and so did the Duchess of Gloucester who came in a little later. The Queen and Queen Mother noticed Lord Patrick Beresford at the entrance to the weighing-in room and asked Nicholas to fetch him so that they could congratulate him, too, on his success in the first race.

Incidentally, Sir Nicholas Nuttall was going off after racing to Chepstow, to ride his horse Cruel Sea in a race there next day, and was then flying back to join his regiment in Cyprus the following day. His stepfather and mother, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick, were at Sandown and justly proud at his success in winning the Gold Cup. I also saw Col. Gerard Leigh, Col. of the Household Cavalry and his attractive wife, delighted at two of his young officers bringing off the double.

I only went down on the first day of the meeting, but it was Arctic both days, with a keen north-east wind blowing (the first day of spring!). Sir Kenneth Gibson, who as Clerk of the Course runs Sandown so well. had charcoal braziers burning brightly at various points in the Members' enclosure, and these were much appreciated. As always there were a great number of past and present officers of the three Services present with their families, and numbers of pretty young girls escorted by young subalterns.





attended a concert at Amsterdam's famous Concertgebouw (second from left). Prince Bernhard had 'flu and much of the ersertaining fell to Princess Beatrix, seem with Prince Philip on the balcony

of the Royal Palace. The canals of old Amsterdam formed a picturesque setting to such pageantry as the State Drive in an open carriage (far right). Later, the visitors went on to The Hague

The Duke of Gloucester was racing, too, and I saw him enjoying a joke with one of his former equerries, Capt. Teddy Brook, who had come from Scotland with the Hon. Mrs. Brook and had a runner in the last race. Others racing were Field Marshal Lord Harding and Lady Harding well wrapped up in a mink coat, General Sir Richard McCreery who was one of the stewards for the Services races and Lady McCreery and their daughter Sarah.

It was the Services' day

I saw Major Stirling Stuart and Mr. John Rogerson, both stewards at the meeting, also many other cavalry officers, among them General Guy Dawnay in the paddock with his son, Mr. Hugh Dawnay, who is in the 10th Hussars, before the latter rode in the race for the Gold Cup, Col. Jack d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Col. and Mrs. Stephen Eve, Lt.-Col. Eddie Studd, who had a runner in the first race, Col. and Mrs. Vincent Dunkerly, Capt. Stephen Wright who rode Major Guy Knight's horse in the first race, the Hon. Michael Allenby who came down from Carlisle where he is stationed with the 11th Hussars, Major R. P. G. Dill who rode his own Easter Breeze in the Gold Cup, Lt.-Col. Tim Llewellen Palmer and Major and Mrs. "Copper" Blackett and their son-in-law and elder daughter, Capt. and Mrs. Warren Fenwicke-Clennel, who are also with the 11th Hussars at Carlisle.

Capt. David Gibson, who when he was in the Welsh Guards won the Gold Cup three times, was there with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George



One of the Queen's outfits for the Dutch visit, a lilac suit worn with a matching hat, with the skirt shorter and the jacket more casual, in line with the latest fashion trend

Gibson. Sir Humphrey de Trafford looking very fit after his winter in Bermuda was in the unsaddling enclosure to congratulate his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, when her grey Sailor's Warning won the Select Open Four Year Old Hurdle from Lord Crawshaw's My Gem. This gave Sir Humphrey's son-in-law Mr. Fulke Walwyn his second winner of the afternoon, and put him just ahead of Mr. Peter Cazalet as N. H. trainer. However, he lost this lead next day when Peter Cazalet turned out two winners with Sir Nigel Mordaunt's Thanatos and the Hon. Mrs. White's Lochroe.

Sir Nigel Mordaunt was racing, also Mr. Dick Wilkins, Mr. Guy Lawrence, Mr. Edward Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, Earl Cadogan, Lady Chesham and her daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cameron, Col. and Mrs. Critchley, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Ratclyffe, the Hon. Henry Broughton, Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, Miss Rose Lycett Green, Miss Elizabeth Heald, Mrs. Billy Abel Smith and Viscount Chetwode. Mr. John Lawrence, Mr. Timothy Forster, Mr. Edward Cazalet, Mr. Philip Payne Gallwey, Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon, Brig. A. J. C. Black, Mr. George Wiggin and his brother Mr. M. P. Wiggin, all rode at the meeting. Mr. Lawrence, who rode Mrs. Vallance's Flaming East to victory in the Imperial Cup on the second day, is undoubtedly the best amateur riding today and the best amateur rider we have seen for some years.

Ballet-length for the bridesmaids

Miss Gillian Clark, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Clark, wore a long tulle veil with a full skirted white satin wedding dress which had been designed and made by Frank Usher, which was beautiful in its simplicity, when she married Mr. Graham Turner-Laing, only son of the late Lt.-Cdr. G. A. Turner-Laing, and of Mrs. Hubert Raphael, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. There were five bridesmaids, the bridegroom's very pretty sister, Miss Heather Turner-Laing, his half-sister Miss Sally Raphael, the Hon. Clodagh Morris, Miss Ann Batton and Miss Felicity Light, who wore pale blue silk ballet-length dresses with little veils and headbands to tone.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark held the wedding reception in the Chelsea Town Hall, and received the guests with Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Raphael, the latter wearing a most attractive and very chic Stiebel dress in flowered taffeta. Among the guests who came to wish the young couple good luck, were Lady Mary Burghley and her daughter Lady Angela Cecil with her fiancé Mr. Mike Oswald (they are marrying this month), Lady Chesham and her daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, Mr. and Mrs. John Roydon, Sir Gerald and Lady Hargreaves, Mr. Robert and the Hon. Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Dudley Tooth, Col. Humphrey Quill, Mrs. Guy Snyder, Lady Salmon whose daughter the Hon. Clodagh Morris was one of the bridesmaids, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Simon, Capt. John Grant, and Mr. Ronald and Lady Gloria Flower, who told me her daughter Miss Amanda Fisher is having a wonderful time in America.

Also present were Lady Sheila Durlacher and Miss Elizabeth Durlacher, Mrs. Walter Stern, Cdr. and Mrs. Robin Byrne, and their two children. She is the only daughter of Sir Dallas Brooks, the Governor of Victoria, Australia, and Lady Brooks. Mr. Brian Harris was best man while Mr.

JENNIFER continued

David Salmon, Mr. Nigel Seliginan and Mr. John Gaze were among the ushers. The bride's godfather, Mr. Hugh Gormley, proposed the health of the young couple.

When I was in New York recently I went to see the finals of the U.S. Amateur Rackets Doubles Championship at the Tennis and Rackets Club in Park Avenue, and was proud to see the British pair Geoffrey Atkins and Kenneth Wagg defeat Clarence Pell and Bobbie Grant in three straight games. It was brilliant rackets to watch, with Atkins, at present the world champion, by far the most outstanding player. I had a quick word with Albert Johnson, professional of this club, and son of the great Ted Johnson of the Moreton Morrell Real Tennis Court, who was marker for the match. He is now the world's Open Real Tennis Champion. I also met that dynamic personality Mr. Jimmy van Allen, who told me he is busy with preparations for the visit next October of a team of Real Tennis players from Oxford and Cambridge. Last year the U.S. universities sent a team to England to play on what proved a very successful tour. Flashing back to New York, I was told quite the best play to see on Broadway is Two For The See Saw with Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft. Unfortunately I did not have time to see it.

An outstanding party

The best débutante cocktail party I have been to so far this year was the one given at the Dorchester by the Countess of Cottenham for her lovely second daughter, Lady Davina Pepys, who looked a picture in a frilly pink organza blouse and black taffeta skirt. This was an exceptionally friendly and happy party, which was perhaps because all the débutantes were real friends of Davina's, who was a wonderful young hostess, quickly introducing the girls to the large number of young men at the party. There were also some of last year's débutantes and a few parents present. I also met Davina's eldest sister Lady Marye White, another member of this good-looking family. She was the most beautiful débutante of her season when she came out six years ago. Among the débutantes I saw Davina's cousin Lady Vivienne Neville, Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard, Lady Eden's tall attractive youngest daughter Elfrida, who was in red, Miss Fiona Pilkington in a short black velvet dress, Miss Maxine Hodson looking very attractive and bronzed from a recent holiday in Switzerland,



Lady George Scott, sister-in-law of the Duchess of Gloucester, with her débutante daughter Georgina, for whom she gave a cocktail party at their Glebe Place home

Miss Philippa Drummond, always chic and soigné with a nice slim figure, and Miss Christa Slater, Miss Yvette Andrews and Miss Gay Foster, all three pretty blondes. Others I noticed were vivacious and gay Miss Diana Hall, Miss Dominie Riley-Smith, Miss Pamela Walford, Miss Sally Nelson and Miss Melanie Lowson.

Of débutantes who have come out during the last couple of years I saw Miss Susan Wills, pretty in red, and Miss Fiona Sheffield, who both came out last year but postponed their dances to this summer, Miss Victoria Cannon, Miss Vivien Walker, Miss Sally Hall, Miss Julia Calvert and Miss Collette

Kindersley. The large number of young men at the party included the Marquess of Hamilton, Mr. John Bardsley, Mr. John Southwell, the Earl of Bathurst, Mr. David Buchan and Mr. Jamie Illingworth. Among a few older friends I met the Marchioness of Abergavenny, and Lord Rupert Nevill and his wife, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Wills, Sir Denys and Lady Lowson, Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, Mrs. John Sheffield, Lady Jane Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes, Mr. and Mrs. "Buster" Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. "Boy" Pilkington, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Calvert, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Foster and Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson.

The following evening I went to two more very enjoyable débutante cocktail parties, one given by Lady George Scott in the studio, with its soft and delightful murals, of her London home in Glebe Place, for her pretty daughter Miss Georgina Scott, who looked enchanting in a printed wild silk dress. The second one was given by Mrs. Bruce Durham and Mrs. Michael Dilke for their daughters Miss Louise Durham, petite, dark and attractive, who wore a short oyster satin dress, and Miss Lucilla Dilke,



COMMISSION Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Scout movement, is the subject of a bust by Mr. Donald Potter. It was commissioned by the Dominican Republic and will stand in one of the principal squares of Ciudad Trujillo, the capital

who is fair and pretty and wore a pale blue dress with three pink roses in her hair. Many of the young people I have already mentioned were at these two parties. Others included the Hon. Camilla Jessel, Miss Diane Kirk, Miss Kirsten Lowther and Lady Anne Maitland,

Also at this party were Miss Penelope Ballantyne and Miss Julie Stratford, Miss Davina Nutting, Miss Antonia Palmer, Miss Penelope Graham, the Hon. Teresa Pearson and Miss Susan Wills and her brother Andrew. Other young men included the Hon. Shaun Plunkett, Lord Valentine Thynne, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Mr. Paul Channon, Mr. Richard Burrows and the Hon. Patrick Conolly-Carew. Among guests at Louise and Lucilla's party were Miss Caroline Cuthbert, Miss Virginia Devlin, Mr. Anthony Oppenheimer, Miss Mary Rendle, Miss Julia Brackenbury, the Hon. Rose Ponsonby, Mr. David and Mr. Michael Cubitt, the Hon. John Jolliffe and many more I have no space to mention.

The latest from Paris

From these parties I went on to Jacquar's showrooms in Grosvenor Street which the directors had kindly lent for "Printemps '58," a show of haute couture from six of the Paris top designers, Lanvin-Castillo, Guy Laroche, Jean Desses, Jacques Griffe, Jacques Heim and Pierre Cardin. This was organized in aid of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research and the Central Fund for Jewish Relief and Rehabilitation.

I met Viscountess Bearsted and Mrs. Edmund de Rothschild, joint chairmen of the Committee who organized this very good show which raised approximately £2,000 for the funds. Viscount Bearsted and Mr. Edmund de Rothschild were there, also Lady Marks, Lady McIndoe, the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Samuel, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel, Lady Shawcross very elegant in a black dress, the Hon. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor and Lady Balcon;

Unfortunately I had to leave long before the end to go on to the first night of Breath Of Spring, the very amusing comedy by Peter Coke at the Cambridge Theatre, which received a great ovation. The décor is by Mr. Oliver Messel, who was in the audience, as were Lord William Taylour and his sister Lady Millicent Taylour, who like many friends I saw that evening were going on to St. James's Palace to the reception the Lord Chamberlain and the Countess of Scarbrough gave the Queen Mother.

Also in the audience I saw Sir Alan Herbert, the Hon. James Smith, Mr. Michael Renshaw escorting Lady Juliet Duff, Viscountess Malden with Mme. Zulficar, and authors Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henrey.



NEWS PORTRAITS

JUD GMENT The Selection Committee of the Royal Academy sits in judgment on works submitted for the Summer Exhibition. (L. to r.) Arnold Machin, Louis de Soissons, Robert Austin, James Bateman, Sir Charles Wheeler, Robert Buhler, Eric Kennington, Siegfried Charoux, Christopher Sanders, B. Fleetwood-Walker, John Skeaping, A. R. Middleton Wood





DECISION The Marquess of Hertford has decided to open to the public his historic home, Ragley Hall, Alcester, Warwicks, which has been in the family nearly 300 years For news of a similar decision about another stately home see page 68



APPOINTMENT Mrs. Wilfred Russell, whose husband has been appointed a director of the Commonwealth Development Finance Corpn. He has spent much of his life in India. His wife is a sister-in-law of Mr. J. R. D. Tata, the Indian industrialist



ARRIVAL The Marques de Santa Cruz has arrived in London to take over as the new Spanish Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The Marques, who acquired his title by marriage, was up at Oxford and has served in England before













TREASURES OF A STATELY HOME

BURGHLEY HOUSE, at Stamford, Rutlandshire, was built by the famous Cecil who was Lord High Treasurer to Elizabeth I. It is now the seat of his descendant, the Marquess of Exeter (top right, with his wife, his daughter, Lady Gillian Floyd, and her husband Mr. Giles Floyd). This season the Marquess is throwing open the treasures of his stately home for inspection by the public.

The Heaven Room, richly gilded (top left),

The Heaven Room, richly gilded (top left), is considered to be the finest painted room in England. It is the work of Verrio and dates from 1694. The huge Queen Anne silver cistern is a wine-cooler.

The Brown Drawing-room contains a bed (centre left) used by Queen Victoria as a child. In the Great Hall are the trophies (centre right) won for athletics by the Marquess, who as Lord Burghley was an Olympic Gold Medallist in 1928.

Of the two four-poster beds (bottom) the one on the left was used by King George VI and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother when they were Duke and Duchess of York, and the other by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort during a visit in 1844.

Paintings by Veronese, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Holbein and Rembrandt are among the many other works of artistic interest.



After the Oxford v. Cambridge athletics, the teams and supporters went to the Achilles Ball. Above: Mr. John Kitching, the Cambridge Blue and Miss Jane Holland, who is a secretary



The Ball was at the Empress Club, Berkeley Street. Above: Mr. J. Ebb, of Merton College, Oxford, with Miss Kirsten Trier, a student from Copenhagen



The entertainment included an undergraduate cabaret. The Cambridge team was celebrating its first win in the series for ten years. Above: Mr. John Kitching of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, Miss Jane Holland, Mr. and Mrs. G. Reed. Mr. Reed is a Cambridge discus-thrower and Blue



Among those at the Ball were Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Duncan. Mr. Duncan is secretary of the Olympics Association. With them: Mr. D. G. Steel, honorary treasurer of the Achilles Club and Mrs. D. G. Steel, who was dressed in green, Mr. R. St. G. T. Harper, vice-president of the Achilles Club and a don at Manchester, and the Rt. Hon. Philip Noel-Baker, president of the Achilles Club

After the White City athletics



Miss Anne Just who is a nurse, was there with Mr. David O'Shaughnessy of Trinity College, Cambridge



Miss Maureen Collins, a student from St. Andrew's, Scotland, and Mr. Michael Nugent, the Jesus, Cambridge, pole-vaulter



Dancing with Miss Gillian Trubshaw, a London University student, is Mr. Edgar Samuel, an old athletics Blue



Mr. David Thornton, the Cambridge president, who won the 880 yards, and Miss Shirley Mawson, a radiographer



Desmond O'Neill Mr. Derek Johnson, ex-president of the O.U.A.C., Olympic runner and British Empire 880-yards and mile champion



Mr. K. P. Bone, the Oxford coach, was accompanied by his wife. The Ball this year was even gayer than usual



Mr. Roger Dunkley, Cambridge three mile winner, Mr. Keith Marsden, economist, and Miss Judy Mackinnon, cf the Foreign Office



Miss Janet Gaydon and her fiancé, Mr. Malcolm Chaplin. An old Cambridge Blue, he is now a surveyor







ROUNDABOUT

Drop this into the conversation

by D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

It the ballet the other night I heard with regret of the death some weeks ago of a man whose hobby was teasing balletomanes—a heartless sport, perhaps, like tickling old Angora sheep to death with discarded bus tickets, but an undeniably amusing one. Some account of his technique may interest persons forced occasionally to mix with serious ballet-fans.

He was a graceful, elderly White Russian when I knew him, living, God knows how, in Paris and fluent in four or five European languages, not counting Borough Cockney (S.E.1.) and Back Bay Boston (Mass.). Whether he had ever been a bosom friend of Diaghilev's I cannot say, but he dined out regularly during the season on the Imperial Ballet and stories of the master, whose first danseur noble before the Ballet conquered Paris he claimed to have been. This wicked Slav would glide into the chatter rather testily, thus:

"Yes, yes, yes. It has classic line and form all right, but it lacks social consciousness. We should have kept the Milkman in Fokine's first version, as Diaghilev agreed with me,"

"The Milkman?" somebody said after a pause.

"Yes. A part actually written for me. I danced it in 1908—no, 1909. The Milkman enters after the second mazurka. He has a pas seul illustrating the triumph of love and democracy over alcoholism, based on a little poem by Pushkin."

Amid dead silence he closed his eyes and recited Pushkin's poem in emotional Russian, adding a rough translation, more or less as follows:

"A little bird died in the Government of

And a passing milkman buried it humbly, with tears.

Though drunk, his heart was wrung with love and pity . . .

There are no graves in my anguished bosom for little dead birds."

And then again, the Apache Dance. . . .

You may have seen the 1958 version on TV the other night. It was the old unvarying stage formula; picturesque, violent, ruthless as unarmed combat, and demonstrating chiefly that whoever composed it had never stuck his (her) nose inside a bal musette in the Red Belt in her (his) life. The hallmark of the dance of the genuine Parisian apache is a grave decorum, soft-footed, discreet, and dignified. His partner is held close and upright as they revolve, very

THE ROUND-ABOUT AUTHOR this week is the well-known humorist and biographer, who has ofter contributed to the pages of The TATLER



slowly and in total silence, to the melancholy whine of the accordion. Knives are drawn very rarely, any breach of form by a visiting enemy being settled elsewhere under strict duelling rules. Above all, no true apache falls down during a waltz, as happens occasionally to gentlemen on more expensive dancing-floors, chiefly in London and New York.

In London this is of course traditional. When the Viennese waltz first came to Britain, round about Waterloo Year, gentlemen dancing it at Almack's constantly turned giddy and fell down flat, as many contemporary memoirs attest. To some extent falling down suddenly was fashionable, the Prince Regent himself being addicted to it at times; the vogue of bumpers of brandy as apéritifs may have assisted. Nowadays the exercise is chiefly confined to Hunt balls.

Débutantes queueing along the Palace railings in an icy east wind display (rather adorably) our three national colours, as sympathetic observers may have noted recently—red and white as to the exquisite cheeks, a dainty blue as to the virginal nose. Viewed indoors and en masse, for example at the Queen Charlotte's Ball, they present a confusingly uniform spectacle to the untrained eye.

It was certainly all one to that loathsome playboy Mr. Merton Minge, of Park Avenue and Long Island, as he watched the shimmer of the October moon on Salome Owen's silken hair and gloated over her daintily carved face, the childish grace of her fine form, and her flute-like tones, irresistible as Parthenope's. Actually any other débutante of that vintage year (1869) would equally have stirred Mr. Minge's cold, noncommittal mouth, as well as causing Mr. Minge's right hand to open and close, as if grasping some pearl of great price, and making his slow, stag-

BRIGGS by Graham

nant pulse leap and run riot. Anyhow his creator, Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, my favourite American novelist, was there to keep an eye on things. Easy there, Minge!

Checkmating the Merton Minges of this world is not so much a mother's job today, I reflect, as it used to be, most débutantes having been taught Judo at Heathfield. But even eligible partis, I reflect further, may be forgiven nowadays for marrying the wrong deb, so marvellously alike they seem. However, it is always possible to check up on them as Lord Gludup checks up in Delina Delaney, by Mrs. Amanda Ros, another novelistic pin-up girl of mine. His lordship is at the bedside of a mysterious woman in extremis, who (he thinks) is either Madam de Maine or Miss Florence Fontaine. With her last breath she claims to be his lady cousin. The emotional but not unpractical peer at once orders her right foot to be shown him. A great cry then bursts from Lord Gludup. "Oh, God! It is true! This is my cousin, Lady Mattie Maynard! She had six toes on her right foot!"

Somebody raving about easy money, hadn't heard, apparently, of the way to make a few thousands with the absolute minimum expenditure of time and effort. It was described to me on the Riviera by a retired, silver-haired crook.

"When I was tired and sleepy and couldn't be bothered to think of anything good," he said, "I took an oblong piece of paper and an artist's reddish-brown pencil and drew a smallish, fairly accurate circle with the simple inscription British Guiana 12 cents, 1850," and sold it to the nearest millionaire stamp-collector for £5,000 or more."

"It sounds easy," I said.

"It takes five minutes," he said, "but you're apt to make too good a job of the circle, which arouses suspicion. The best way is to give some child of six a bag of sweets to draw it for you."

With this ploy, he added, there is never any comeback from the connoisseurs concerned, since they are apparently born suckers and are too paralysed with anguish, shame and fear of ridicule to let out a peep.

A.D.: 2,000

Alone in interstellar space
I glimpsed Miss Bidlake's stony face;
Much later, in the afternoon,
Miss Bidlake cut me on the Moon,
And as we passed next day on Mars,
Miss B. was gazing at the stars. . . .

We had no hope, you understand—
No introducer is at hand,
So here we are, remote, resigned,
The last survivors of our kind,
Debarred from speech, from love, from strife,
Keeping the British Way of Life.



Home from a world tour

BACK in time for the London season after a world tour is Mrs. Neil McLean, wife of the Conservative M.P. for Inverness. The tour had family interests for them both. Her husband went to Indonesia where his family has business connections, and in Japan Mrs. McLean watched the launching of a ship belonging to the noted Yugoslav shipowning family of which she is a member. She was Miss Daska Ivanovic-Banac, and

her beauty earned her the description: "the pearl of Dubrovnik." Her mother is the popular Riviera personality Mmc. Banac, and her brother is Mr. Vane Ivanovic. Mrs. McLean's home is in Gloucester Square. She plays tennis, is an outstanding swimmer, and helps her husband with his political work. One of her twin daughters by her previous marriage, Marina Kennedy, is a god-daughter of the Duchess of Kent







Left: Mrs. David Coleridge with her six-months-old son Nicholas, at her home in Chelsea Park Gardens. Mrs. Coleridge is a daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, and a granddaughter of the second Lord Joicey, of Ford Castle. Her husband is a member of Lloyd's

Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic in the drawing-room of their London house. Mr. Ivanovic is a Yugoslav shipowner now resident in England. Before her marriage, Mrs. Ivanovic was Miss June Fisher, the daughter of Canon J. L. Fisher of Netteswell Rectory, near Harlow, Esse:

FAMILIES AT HOME



Major Stephen Hastings, a Secretary at the British Embassy in Paris, in at the British Embassy in Paris, in his Paris home with his wife, the daughter of Col. J. L. Tomlin. Major Hastings, who served with the Scots Guards during the war, is the son of Major Lewis Hastings, the author and broadcaster

Right: Mrs. Douglas Riley-Smith with her two youngest sons, Tristram and Christian, the youngest. Mrs. Riley-Smith, wife of the polo player, has six children of whom her daughter Dominie has been presented this year. The Riley-Smiths live in Sussex







INC Season in London begins officially with the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy. But in practice several earlier functions like the Presentation Parties are encompassed. These are included in this souvenir guide to the Season's main events

PALACE & PRESENTATION

Visit of the Queen & Prince Philip to 1 JULY

Presentations at Holyroodhouse, 3 JULY Edinburgh

Garden parties at Buckingham Palace 10 AND 17 JULY

RACING & RIDING

17 APRIL Horse trials at Badminton (three days), Gloucestershire

30 APRIL The 2.000 Guineas, at Newmarket

2 máyThe 1,000 Guineas, at Newmarket

15 MAY Royal Windsor Horse Show at Home Park, Windsor

4 JUNE The Derby, at Epsom, Surrey

6 June The Oaks, at Epsom, Surrey

The Richmond Royal Horse Show, 12 JUNE Richmond, Surrey

17 JUNE Royal Ascot Week, Ascot, Berkshire

29 JULY The Goodwood Meeting, Goodwood,

Sussex

BALL & BEAUTY

Dress show for débutantes at the 28 APRIL 29 Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly

Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, at 6 mayGrosvenor House Hotel, Park Lane

CEREMONY & SPECTACLE

Chelsea Flower Show, Royal Hospital, 21 MAY Chelsea

The Royal Tournament, at Earls Court 4 JUNE

Beating the Retreat (Prince Philip's 10 JUNE Birthday,) Horse Guards Parade

12 June Trooping the Colour (the Queen's official

birthday)

4 JULY The Royal Windsor Rose Show, Windsor

Castle Grounds, Berks

ART & MUSIC

3 MAYSummer exhibition at the Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly

27 MAY Opera festival at Glyndebourne, Sussex

Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor 11 JUNE

House Hotel, Park Lane

SPORT & SOCIAL

The Fourth of June at Eton 4 JUNE

Polo-Ascot Week Tournament, 16 June Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park

19 JUNE The second Test Match at Lord's

cricket ground, Marylebone

The All-England Lawn Tennis Cham-23 JUNE

pionships at Wimbledon

Henley Royal Regatta, Henley-on-2 July

Thames

4 JULY The Eton & Harrow cricket match, at

Lord's, Marylebone

Cowdray Polo Week, Cowdray Park, 28 JULY

Midhurst, Sussex

P. N. Though the Season ends with Goodwood, the social side of the summer continues. Few of the livelier supporters of the Season would care to miss the yachting in Cowes Week (2 to 10 August); and nowadays there is also the Edinburgh International Festival (24 August to 13 September), which attracts an increasingly fashionable following





You have to have done the London Season to appreciate why it can be so much fun SCENE OF THE SEASON The royal drive past the Ascot grandstand is perhaps the most picturesque and memorable moment of the season. Cheering crowds greet the open carriage as it goes down the course

by ANTONIA FRASER

It's the Cinderella flavour I remember

When I was 16 (and therefore not of an age to enjoy the more sophisticated delights of the London Season) I used to spend the long, light summer evenings wandering through the streets of Belgravia and Knightsbridge. As I listened to the noise of the cocktail parties drifting out of the open french windows, it was like the sound of the hunting horn in the ears of a hound puppy not yet old enough to join in the chase. It excited me; and it filled me with anguish at the same time.

Later I was able to identify the main ingredients of this tantalizing music as shrill female cries of delight, loud male noises of deprecation, together with the delicate Glockenspiel sound of breaking cocktail glasses. At the time, I had to make do with glimpses of the guests on the wrought-iron balconies on to which they sometimes spilled, or, a more conventional view, the company as it arrived or departed. That year, elegant young ladies wore fitted navy-blue coats and little white hats with a bunch of flowers or a ribbon-bow sticking out to one side. How I longed for the summer when my bow would quiver ex-

citedly beside pink cheeks flushed with compliments culled at the cocktail party!

You see that the London Season exercised its magic over me long before. I was an official participant in it. But my longing to be part of the inaccessible Season was only part of a wider, more undefined longing to "conquer" London. For the first 15 years of my life I had lived peacefully in Oxford, and coming to London in mid-swing of impressionable adolescence, was taken at once with the romance (in which I had no part), the business (which did not include me) in fact the alluring exclusiveness of London. And in my desire to conquer the capital, my wish to take part in the mysterious rites of the London Scason, represented a wish to storm the inner fortress.

For the secret of the survival of the London Season, in spite of two world wars and the economic reversals of those who take part in it, is this feeling—however illusionary—of being inside a charmed circle. I wonder if those who never went through the experience of "coming to London," feel this quite so intensely as I did? From childhood

upwards, they have been swept to the Royal Tournament or the Richmond Horse Show, or tennis at Wimbledon, or any of the other delights offered to a metropolitan child. They have seen the Queen drive forth from Buckingham Palace in processional glory, and perhaps-horrible thought-learned to regard a file of horsemen in scarlet merely as an irritating traffic jam. London belongs to them. But the shy débutante from the country, who blossoms from a tight bud in April to a full-blown rose in July, feels a special kind of appreciation. And so does the visitor from abroad, or the visitor from the Dominions who has always determined to spend one summer in London.

The paradoxical, or illusionary quality of the modern Season, to my mind, only heightens the romance. We are not idlers any longer, dedicated to a life of pleasure: few can afford either time or money for all the possible entertainments the Season offers. But the need for discrimination, and the sense of everyday cares temporarily put aside, only make the pleasure keener.

The dashing 18-year-olds who dance all through the night, and then manage to



SCENE OF THE SEASON

Thrills on the river and fashion on the banks give the Henley Regatta a unique attraction. It is a combination that only rain can spoil—a hazard ever-present even in July

hold down a job most efficiently all through the day, remind me of the 12 dancing princesses in the fairy tale, who crept out of their father's palace in the hours of darkness, danced till dawn, and then stole back into bed, leaving only their worn-out slippers to betray where they had been. My sister, who was presented this year, was amazed at the crowd who gathered to stare at the débutantes on their way to the Palace. But the people who peer in through the windows of the Daimler glass coach, at Cinderella in her flowered hat and white gloves, are happily taking part in the illusion that the pretty creature is a pampered darling, who can wear those flimsy shoes and pointed heels because she will never need to put foot to ground. The fact that the pampered darling will tomorrow be struggling home from her job in the rush hour is part of the fun.

All my favourite functions of the Season have this Cinderella side to them. Last year I went to Ascot for the first time. As I surveyed the limited choice in my wardrobe on the first day, I wondered if I had been right to gamble on one cold day (for a plain dark suit) or if the sun was going unbelievably and most inconveniently to shine for all four days. Nevertheless I managed to feel like a belle of the 'thirties, choosing between three or four trailing chiffons, plucking at a posse of picture hats. And as I stepped out of my front door, I managed to ignore the butcher, delivering an economical supper for our return, and wave instead at my

smartest neighbour, whose appearance left no doubt that we were bound for the same destination. Away with household cares! She and I belonged to another world of joy. So I whirled off, feeling very mondaine in spite of the tactless arrival of the mincemeat.

I love Glyndebourne for the same reason, even to the extent of enjoying putting on evening dress at three o'clock in the afternoon. There are stern spirits who mutter that the music and singing sounds just the



THE HON. MRS. FRASER, who writes this article, is the 26-year-old wife of the Conservative M.P. for Stafford & Stone and a daughter of Lord Pakenham

same, whatever the costume of the listener: but I am fanciful enough to prefer the thought of sweet music pouring into an ear from which a lambent pearl dangles.

Yet in spite of the grace of Glyndebourne, the bright panorama of Henley, the glorious noise and sunshine of Goodwood, it is still London which is the centre of the Season. It is the beauty of London itself, for me unmatched by any other city, which makes the Season unique. The colours are kaleidoscopic. Against the background of the green and grey of its summer colouring-the scarlet of the Trooping the Colour, the pretty blue, pink and mauve dresses of the ladies of the Royal Family at some garden party or show, the white of the bride's dress at a wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the red carnation in a buttonhole on the way to the opening of the Royal Academy-these are the things one remem-

Perhaps I have not quite forgotten those ten-year-old torments. Perhaps I still feel for London the sort of love-by-ordeal which the explorer feels for that dangerous stretch of country which he has opened up in face of considerable difficulties. Dashing into a cocktail party in Knightsbridge, rather untidy and breathless, because of the coincidence of child's bedtime and of cocktail time, I spare a thought for the inquisitive, 16-year-old ghost keeping her lonely vigil at the threshold. And I am secretly thrilled to think that this time I have been invited. I am an insider.

There is a dear way
and a not-so-dear
way of doing the season.
Two budgets (right) show
the extremes

•			
	SH	OESTRING	DE LUXE
		DEB.	DEB.
Mums' luncheons		£25	£100
Dinners		£60	£600
Deb's teas, etc	"	£10	£50
Mum's dresses		£80	£500
Ascot tickets		£14	£14
Hairdressing, taxi, etc.		£50	£250
Deb's 4 cocktail frocks		£50	£200
,, 7 evening frocks		£90	£450
,, 2 Ascot frocks		£30 ·	£120
,, 6 pairs of shoes		£22	£60
,, 4 handbags		£10	£25
,, 24 pairs of nylons		£10	£12
,, suit		£12	£48
,, coat		£15	£50
,, evening wrap.		£6	£30
" 5 pairs of gloves		£4	£16
Cocktail party		_	£600
Dance		£225	£5,000
		£713	£8,125

The cost of coming out

by JUDITH LISTOWEL

The end of the Royal Presentation Parties was a dramatic pointer to the changes in our social life. These changes do not mean that grace is going out of our way of life—they mean that we are adjusting ourselves to modern conditions. For the debs, they mean a longer, and—in many ways—a richer enjoyment of their launching into society.

The Queen, like her father, has always kept pace with changing conditions. Today young girls of every status work—some at universities, others at offices, some as models, others as saleswomen. For them the highly concentrated three-month "Presentation Season" was a strain. This the Court has realized—and an impetus has been given for spreading the season over a longer period and a wider area.

The 1958 list of dances bears this out. Comingout parties started in April and go on until December; and a large proportion of them are held in the country and over the weekend. This will enable young girls to enjoy themselves without interrupting studies or jobs for an immensely tiring butterfly existence; it will make life easier also for their escorts, the young men who must get on with their careers. In the new social pattern young people will have the chance to make the most of a season lasting from Easter to Christmas.

From now on, there will be many more ways than before for entertaining the young, depending on how much or how little a mother wishes to do. I have prepared two budgets—one for a débutante brought out on a shoestring, the other for a débutante launched with all the lavishness great wealth allows.

A shoestring is a comparative term. Launching a girl into society, however economically it is done, still entails great expense. To begin with, the mother must entertain other mothers to luncheon. If she does this in her own home, cooking her own meals, she may produce six or eight luncheons for £25—at Claridge's or the Hyde Park Hotel these would cost her £100 or more



THE AUTHOR, the Countess of Listowel, writes from experience. She brought out her daughter, Lady Deirdre Hare (now Lady Grantley), in 1952 and her niece Edina de Marffy-Mantuano in 1954. This year she is bringing out another niece, Judith de Marffy-Mantuano, for whom she is giving a cocktail party on 15 July and a dance on 22 October, both jointly with Mrs. Philip Argenti (who has a daughter, Georgina, coming out) at 8 Princes Gardens, S.W.7.

At these luncheons, out come the little diaries and the mothers ask each other to give dinner parties for their dances, as all want their daughters to go "in a party"—thus making sure that they will have dancing-partners. Ten or 12 dinner parties, prepared by the hostess and served with wine—not champagne—may be achieved for £60; but 20 or more gorgeous dinners for 14 or 18 people in a hotel cost upwards of £600. Equally, luncheons and teas for a deb can be simple or lavish affairs.

All mums want their débutante daughters to be beautifully turned out and to look their best themselves. Collecting a trousseau for a young girl and adding to a mother's wardrobe takes a lot of thought and a good deal of money. My two extreme budgets show essential items, but these can be purchased at Dior—or "off the peg."

Now as before, there are two main events when launching a young girl in society—her cocktail party and her dance. As it is almost impossible to economize on drinks, a mother with limited funds will probably omit the cocktail party, unless she decides to have a cocktail dansant instead of a dance.

Of course it is possible to give a cocktail party for about £80 if a room is available at home or can be borrowed. By doing this and omitting the dance the shoestring budget can be brought down to about £560—but the risk is that the girl will receive few invitations to dances if she does not have one of her own.

Besides, nothing can replace the coming-out dance—the most glamorous event of a coming-out season. Held in a country home, with lots of old friends present, it can be not merely a cosy party, but one infinitely less costly than a London dance, with food, music and attendants provided locally. One item, alas, cannot be reduced in price—drink. The least expensive champagne costs one guinea a bottle, and half-a-bottle must be allowed for each guest.

Most London dances are held in big hotels, which means little work but much expense for the hostess. The usual price is £1,000 for 300 guests, to which must be added the cost of a band and of floral decorations. But anyone who wishes to transform Claridge's or the Dorchester with some exciting décor and engage two bands will have to spend several times this amount.

All this is a framework—built up with thoughtful, loving care by mothers anxious to give their daughters the best possible start in social life. Yet the decisive factor is, as it has always been, the young girl for whom all these efforts are being made. I know girls who have been brought out on a shoestring, and had the time of their lives. I have seen poor little rich debs weep in the cloakroom because they were "lost"—they had no young man to dance with....



ROYAL ASCOT

The Duke of Norfolk is the Queen's representative at the Royal Ascot meeting. He is a steward of the Jockey Club



FOURTH OF JUNE

Mr. Robert Birley has been headmaster of Eton College since 1949. He is host to parents and friends attending the annual Fourth of June celebrations



GLYNDEBOURNE

Mr. John Christie founded the opera festival at Glyndebourne and has built it into a national event. The opera house is in the grounds of his home

THEY SHAPE THE SEASON

THE NAMES THAT GO WITH THE BIG EVENTS



A. V. Swaebe

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL

The Dowager Lady Howard de Walden is the president of the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, the evening occasion that ranks first in the débutante's diary of the season



GOODWOOD

The Duke of Richmond & Gordon presides over the fashionable race meeting which ends the season. The course is on his country estate in Sussex



BADMINTON

The Duke of Beaufort will entertain the Queen during the three-day horse trials at Badminton, his country seat.

He is Master of the Horse



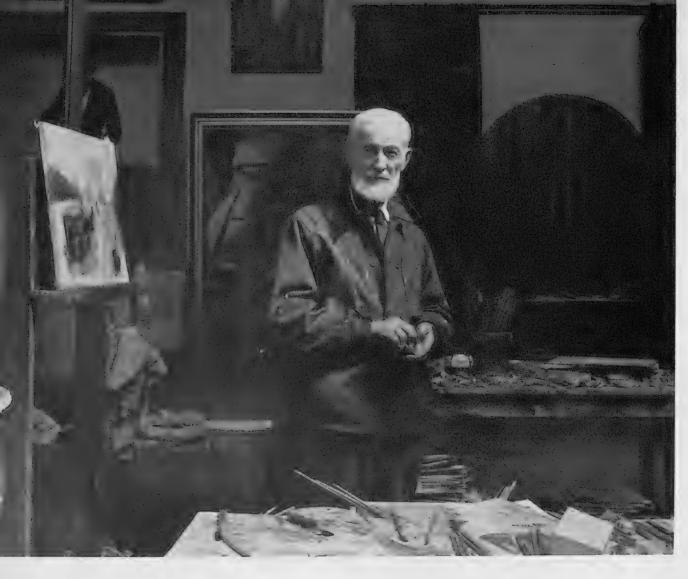
WIMBLEDON

The Duchess of Kent is president of the All-England Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon. She presents the awards to the winners



COWDRAY POLO

Viscount Cowdray takes a leading part in the Cowdray polo week, held at his home, Cowdray Park. Though he lost an arm during the war he still plays



A DUTCHMAN IN PARIS

Eighty-one this year, the Paris artist Kees van Dongen, who came from Delfthaven, still paints with undiminished energy. The canvas he is working on is a street scene, but he is best known for his portraits of elegant women

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

The nostalgia of a deb

Jeanne-Marie is my godchild and she is a young creature of whom I am extremely fond. Nevertheless, I frowned when she rang me up from the airport at Le Bourget and announced that she was coming to see me and would I, please, not tell the family. What was she doing in Paris? Only the evening before I had met her mother at the répétition générale of La Locondièra, brilliantly played by the Grenier de Toulouse at the Théâtre d'Aujourdhui, and I had heard about the "marvellous time the child is having in London"! I wondered!

Jeanne-Marie's eighteen years of existence on this planet have been spent, for the greater part, either in Paris or at her parents' lovely house in the south. Since Papa is British there also have been frequent pleasant visits to England, and English nannies and governesses saw to it that Alice and Peter Pan were as familiar to their charge as Sophie and Cousin Paul of the Bibliothéque Rose. Jeanne-Marie would certainly not feel strange in London but, all the same. I wondered.

It was foolish of me. When the child bounced into my ground floor flat via the open window (for it was a heavenly morning) I immediately saw that all was well. But my eyes may have given me away and she answered my unspoken query at once: "Oui, marraine, je vous assure, I am having a splendid time, Aunt Mary is a pet.

my frocks are lovely, lots of houses have central heating, I enjoy lunching at the Dorchester and the Westbury, cocktail parties are immense fun—if there weren't so many of them—English boys dance well and . . ." (she hesitated and there was a funny little quaver in her voice) ". . . though I was terribly nervous my knees didn't quite give way when I made my curtsey. . . . You know, cherie, it was really a wonderful moment!"

"I know that you are a very incoherent young thing!" I answered. "Perhaps!" came the swift retort, "but you also know what I mean, after all you are half French yourself!" This having cettled everything, we got down to business.

What Jeanne-Marie wanted was: To see the parterres of spring flowers in the green haunts of Paris and whether the famous chestnut tree of the Champs Elysées had really flowered, as tradition demands, on 20 March. She also wished to go to the theatre and thrill on hearing the régisseur thumping with his massive staff—known as a brigadier—to announce the rise of the curtain; she was eager to see the latest French film; to eat a steak that had not been burnt to a cinder; to.... But the list was too long since the child intended to fly back next evening. We compromised and did what we could.

It was easy to head her off the theatre where, just now, so many "Old Familiars" are being

billed, G. B. Shaw is at the Oeuvre and the Daunou with Heartbreak House and Candida. Peter Ustinov's Four Colonels are at the Ambigu and his Romanoff And Juliette at the Marigny; the Journal Of Anne Frank plays to crowded houses at the Montparnasse and last week's tense moment for theatre fans was the première of Arthur Miller's View From the Bridge at the Théâtre Antoine. The play, that is not so much discussed in Paris as being merely enjoyed, is brilliantly acted by Lila Kedrova and the Italian film star Raf Vallone, and it is staged by Peter Brook for whom, since Titus Andronicus, it is difficult to be sufficiently laudatory.

It was a grand evening. Tout Paris raved and next day the critics were (almost!) dithyrambic. Jean Anouih thinks Vallone the greatest actor he has ever seen and Camus is going to write a play for him! However it is hardly an entertainment for a deb in need of a relaxing weekend and, anyway, having seen it on Thursday I



hardly felt like a second seance on Sunday. For the same reason we gave the latest French film a miss. Jeanne-Marie will surely see it in London; besides, it is half German. This re-take (or is it re-make?) of Les Miserables lasts four hours, and although coffee and sandwiches can be obtained in the way of half-time restoratives, it is a rather exhausting ten bob's worth. The first version of Victor Hugo's epic was seen in the silent film days of 1912 and there are few survivors of the cast, of which Mistinguett was the star. Jean Gabin is the Jean Valjean of the present production and is surrounded by other famous players, but I am afraid our chauvinistic Diehards were rather scornful of the spit and plaster décor with which the Teutonic studios represented Montreuil, and we wondered, rather ruefully, whether the "supers" wearing the uniform of Napoleon's grognards may not have worn a different uniform when, lustily singing, they marched up and down the Champs Elysées not so very long ago.

Instead of a film or a play it was to the première of the Marquis de Cuevas' International (ex-Monte Carlo) ballet that we went and Jeanne-Marie greatly approved. Serge Lifar's ballet Noir et Blanc was the highlight of the programme and had a great reception. It was created in 1947 at the Monte Carlo Opera House when Lifar was ballet master there, but its performance, on this occasion, caused unexpected excitement.

The Paris Opera House estimates that Noir et Blanc closely resembles the Suite en Blanc that is an important item of its repertory and of which Lifar, now ballet master of the Paris Opera, is also choréauteur. The Marquis de Cuevas received official intimation that Noir et Blanc must not be danced but, deciding that he would jolly well do as he pleased, he made a footlight speech, before the curtain rose, explaining matters. This was received by the audience very favourably. Cheers and applause.

Unfortunately, during the interval that followed, words were exchanged loudly enough to bring the first night press representatives, armed with "mikes" and "flashes", crowding round the two boxes—that happened to be side by side—in which M. de Cuevas and Serge Lifar were seated. Spectators stood on their seats, or rushed back from the foyer and bar, but order was restored and we were glad to know it would not end in pistols for two and coffin for one next morning, but, as Jeanne-Marie regretably remarked: "It was quite a circus while it lasted."

The child had one disappointment during her short stay. The historical chestnut tree had NOT bloomed, but the spring flowers, doing their frost-bitten best in the parterres of the Rond-Point, almost consoled her. We saw this on our way to lunch at Fouquet's where her steak—as delicately pink as a kitten's tongue—was not cooked to a cinder. It was good to find the famous grill room open again after redecoration. The Champs Elysées without Fouquet's was as unimaginable as the rue Royale would be without Maxim's or a front tooth missing in a pretty girl's smile!

One more little thing upset the child for a moment: the news that a débutantes' ball is to be arranged over here by a committee in which figure some distinguished names. It would take place at Versailles in the middle of July. Jeanne-Marie became peremptory: "Well, Papa can't expect me to go to that; we shall be down on the coast in July and he has given me a new boat!"

I fear that my favourite godchild is not really social-minded!



Miss Tessa Prain, a 1958 débutante, comes from Mugdrum, Fife, and has a dance there in August



Mr. John McKinnon, whose mother is joint-Master of the Heythrop



Miss Margaret MacKay, one of the débutantes



Mr. Michael Morse, who is a stockbroker

Miss Alice Rich, another of the 300 guests present





TWO DAYS after their presentation to the Queen, débutantes Miss Juliet Brackenbury and Miss Lucinda Blackett (above) had a party given for them at the Cavalry Club. Miss Brackenbury is the daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. H. L. Brackenbury of Welsbourne, Warwickshire, and Miss Blackett is the daughter of Major C. D. Blackett of Halton Castle, Corbridge, Northumberland

Cocktails at the Cavalry Club



Mr. Andrew Hugh Smith, from Bedfordshire, Miss Margaret MacKay and Mr. David Buchan, who was A.D.C. to the G.O.C. in Singapore in 1952-3

Miss Caroline Horsbrugh-Porter, with Mr. John Raison. Her father, SIr Andrew, was a prominent polo-player. She lives in Gloucestershire

Van Hallan





THE ANGLO-BRAZILIAN SOCIETY held a Spring dance at 6 Belgrave Square. Above: Senhor Castello-Branço, the Brazilian Minister Counsellor, Lady Evans, Dr. Francisco De Assis Chateaubriand (the Brazilian Ambassador), Dona Castello-Branco, and Col. Sir Arthur Evans, deputy-president of the Anglo-Brazilian Society





The evening was given a South Americanto energetic cabaret act and afterwards whe



TATLER At a pre-Season ball



Miss C. Pearson, from Argentina, with Mr. Philip Munn. He lives in Rio and has just finished his military service in Britain



There were more than 300 guests at the dance. Two of them: Mrs. Robert Miuira, wearing black velvet, and Mr. Dominic Sarsfield. He is a stockbroker



Miss Jean Quick, a Brazilian who is a model. With is Mr. David Simpson, who works for a chemical 2 mining firm



B

the "Os Brasilieros" troupe. They performed a lively and wound the ballroom floor. Music for dancing was played by insman's Orchestra



Senhor A. D. R. Da Silva, Assistant Commercial Attaché at the Brazilian Embassy, with Miss Eve Vitt. She is a television actress



Dona Maria Castello-Branco, wife of the Brazilian Minister Counsellor, with Mr. John Spencer Churchill, the artist nephew of Sir Winston Churchill, and Mrs. T. Tobolski, wife of a company director



Sir Alfred Bossom, M.P., who is a great party-giver, with Miss Ruth Holdsworth, a member of the Anglo-Brazilian Society. She was dressed in green

THEATRE

Self-sacrifice by instalments

by ANTHONY COOKMAN



THE CHILDISH WAYS of backward Beth (Ann Beach, left) are a problem for all her family, including her crippled uncle (Robert Flemyng) and Madame, his sister (Irene Brown)

R. EMLYN WILLIAMS has taken to gallivanting about the Seven Seas and delighting mankind at large with his readings from Dickens. London theatregoers, who hardly know the Seven Seas by name and do not care tuppence for mankind at large, complain that they have had only a couple of plays from him in the last seven years. He has just made matters worse. In Beth at the Apollo there are four or five plays in one; and this is no way for a dramatist, however gifted, to work off his arrears of homework.

As an old admirer of The Corn Is Green and The Wind Of Heaven, I should like to make out, at least to my own satisfaction, the theme that binds together these disparate plays. What Mr. Williams had in mind, I think, was to draw attention to the extraordinary tenacity of family loyalties. Very ordinary people, he has noticed, are often impelled to make prodigious and prolonged sacrifices for their relatives without apparently feeling that they are doing anything heroic. A patient wife keeps a loveless marriage going year after year simply because it is the only decent thing to do, a brave and busy

charwoman makes a permanent home for a crippled sister and so forth. Not, perhaps, an enlivening theme. Still a good play might be made out of it. The illustration Mr. Williams chooses is that of a Welsh family living impecuniously in a ramshackle Thames-side bungalow with a backward child.

Beth is a 16-year-old with a mental age of eight. She can neither read nor write, having always grown too tired to stand the strain of trying to learn. She remains an infantile prattler playing with her dolls, the family doing their utmost always to humour her childish whims and shield her from shocks. Beth looks pretty healthy to us, and we want naturally to know how she got this way. Is she the victim of a possessive mother's relentless devotion? Apparently not, for the mother is dying off stage and from what is said we gather that she has been a model of self-sacrificing motherhood.

Unspectacular family devotion must then be Mr. Williams's theme. In pursuit of it he lets the mother die without our getting a chance to blame her and starts off a novelettish little love story. Lydia, the elder sister, has picked

up a nice young man in the Tube. He proposes marriage, she accepts him happily and he turns out to be a millionaire. A lucky pick-up for an impecunious girl, but how is it going to fit into the general theme? If it did not fit, it would of course not be there at all. Beth, who carefully has not been told of her mother's death, finds out for herself. She promptly fills the mother's place in her fantasy with Lydia.

Here comes in the absurd old aunt who gives herself airs because in the long ago she has sung opera in Italy. She tells the girl a sad little story of her life-long regret for a failure in devotion to a sick husband. Whereupon Lydia breaks off the engagement. She must resign herself to becoming a mother to her backward sister. This is the play's moment of heart-break, but so little have we been told of the young people concerned, that we find it hard to take the moment seriously. We notice that the young millionaire doesn't take it very seriously either. He just hangs about, not unhopefully. Then Lydia's brother, a boy said to have a future as a pianist, insists that it's he who must give up his career and look after Beth.

At this point Mr. Williams, conscious perhaps that he is rather overdoing family devotion as a theme, begins yet another play. Beth's legless uncle throws a great drunken scene on the strength of a conviction that sudden wealth corrupts the lives of those who are used to being poor. He tumbles out of his invalid chair and the shock of realizing that her sit-about uncle has no legs cures Beth of her fantasy. It also cures the uncle of his, and they set out together, the one to grow up, the other to get on with his career as a schoolmaster.

If I am right and Mr. Williams did set out to celebrate the unspectacular sacrifices which spring from family loyalties, clearly he let the idea twist in his hands. He was not, I think, sufficiently interested in his characters and was not even sure whether the backward child should be regarded as a figure of fun or of pathos. Miss Ann Beach wins a patient hearing for Beth and Miss Nan Munro gets farcical fun out of the female psychiatrist who nevertheless knows what she is doing. Mr. Robert Flemyng has a straitjacket of a part, Miss Irene Browne as the funny faded singer is forced to work familiar humours to the bone and Miss Pauline Yates and Mr. Michael Scott do nicely as the nice young lovers.



Wealthy Jerome (Michael Scott) finds Beth coming between him and her sister Lydia (Pauline Yates) to whom he is engaged



MEMBERS of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours held their 146th exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries. Above: Mr. M. B. Bradshaw, secretary of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, with Miss Joan Ayling, an artist



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Also on display was work by members of the Society of Miniaturists who held their 58th exhibition concurrently with the water-colour show. Above: Mrs. E. Bingham and Miss Betty Fletcher-Watson, whose brother was exhibiting

A London exhibition of water colours



Mr. and Mrs. John Moore with Mr. Moore's painting "Sunshine After April Showers"

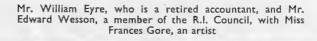


Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Parker, Mr. Parker, a Customs officer, had his painting "In The Surrey Docks" on show



Mr. Arthur Miles, R.I., and Mr. Norman Wilkinson, president of the R.I., both exhibited pictures

In front of Mr. Norman Wilkinson's painting of "Pangnirtung Inlet, Hudson's Bay," are Mrs. E. M. Milne Henderson, Mrs. John De Laszlo and Mrs. Norman Wilkinson









IN THE STUDIO.—An eccentric painter in The Horse's Mouth, being filmed at Shepperton Studios, is played by Alec Guinness. He wrote the script himself and the film is being directed by Ronald Neame



ON LOCATION.—Miss Yoko Tani, a Japanese actress, will appear opposite Dirk Bogarde in the Rank production The Wind Cannot Read, made recently in India. It is adapted from the novel by Richard Mason

CINEMA

Courage on the beaches

by ELSPETH GRANT

THERE are moments when one regrets that in addition to that decoration awarded for valour there is not one bestowed for honesty. Some such tribute is due to Sir Michael Balcon for his epic production, Dunkirk—written by Messrs. David Divine and W. P. Lipscomb and directed by Leslie Norman. The truth is not always pleasant, but Sir Michael tells it, regardless—recreating with relentless accuracy the atmosphere of "the phony war" which led up to and abruptly ended with the disaster of Dunkirk, a disaster for which our unpreparedness, our ignorance of the facts, civilian complacency and top-level muddling were to blame.

It is May, 1940. Night after night Messrs. Flanagan & Allen assure their audiences that "We're Going To Hang Out The Washing On The Siegfried Line"—and Mr. Richard Attenborough, a smug civilian in a reserved occupa-

tion, is willing, like millions of others, to take their word for it. Mr. Bernard Lee, giving an excellent performance as a war correspondent, is not: evasive official statements that "the situation in France is fluid" arouse his worst suspicions that something catastrophic is happening across the Channel.

Mr. John Mills, a corporal in the B.E.F., typifies the serving soldier caught up by the tide of events, which is indeed catastrophic. He and three of his men have been separated from their unit and while seeking to rejoin it they have their first experience of dive-bombing and see the ever-increasing stream of civilian refugees machine-gunned on the roads down which Nazi tanks are soon to rumble. On the advice of a British dispatch rider, the little party heads north.

The Germans are everywhere and in a brush

with a reconnaissance party, the corporal loses a man: the others he doggedly leads to Dunkirk—to join the bewildered thousands already waiting on the bleak beaches for a rescue they can only pray will come in time,

Meanwhile, in England, the gravity of the situation has at last been not only realized but admitted. A mass evacuation of troops from Dunkirk must be carried out if we are not to lose the better part of the British Army. The Navy alone cannot do the job and so it is that a great fleet of small civilian craft—tugs, whalers, paddle-steamers, fishing boats and pleasure launches—is hastily assembled and, under Navy guidance, set off on its heroic errand. Among the civilians who volunteer to sail their own boats to Dunkirk are Mr. Attenborough, who has developed a conscience, and Mr. Lee, who dies among the men he had hoped to save.

The magnificently handled beach sequences are grim and dramatic. Long lines of men stand shoulder deep in water as the rescue-ships approach. The dunes are massed with weary troops, seeking cover where there is none from the German shells that fall among them and the German dive-bombers who sweep down upon them. That 338,000 men were brought safely out of this hell is almost incredible—yet, like everything else in this fine and salutary film, it is true.

Mr. Anthony Asquith, one of our most brilliant directors, has a subject after his own heart in Orders To Kill—a story, written by Mr. Paul Dehn, that I found positively harrowing. A promotion seeking American major (Mr. John Crawford) needs somebody to assassinate one of

his French agents (Mr. Leslie French) who, it is reported from Paris, has turned traitor.

Eager to find the right man for this grisly task, he chooses Mr. Paul Massie, a young American air force officer with an outstanding war record as a fighter-bomber pilot. Mr. Massie, whose looks proclaim him an essentially sensitive fellow, dutifully accepts the assignment and without too many noticeable qualms takes instruction (from Mr. James Robertson Justice) in the art of assassination. He is flown to France.

Arriving in Paris, he contacts a Frenchwoman, a cool and experienced agent (superbly played by Miss Irene Worth) who has arranged lodgings for him, and a fictitious job as an electrical mechanic. She wishes to know nothing of his mission: he is simply to advise her when it has been completed.

Mr. Massie tracks down the man he is to kill. Mr. French seems harmless enough. He is very friendly to Mr. Massie, warning him of a Gestapo raid, sheltering him in his office, showing him the cat he has saved from the black market and the stew-pot, and taking him home to meet his wife and daughter. Mr. Massie is handicapped, as no assassin should be, by imagination. Supposing, he asks himself, Mr. French is innocent—has been falsely denounced, like so many others, out of malice or revenge?

In great agitation, he goes to Miss Worth and blurts out his dilemma. She is furious: it is not his business to sit in judgment on Mr. French but to kill him—and in war the innocent suffer with the guilty. He must obey orders. With horror one watches the unhappy young man go off to commit murder. Clumsily he strikes down his victim. "Why?" cries the dying man as the distraught assassin stoops over him to administer the coup de grace. In this terrible moment one pities equally the killer and the slain.

Mr. Massie has faithfully fulfilled his mission, but it is a long time before he can answer that last despairing question to his own satisfaction and come to terms with life and himself. I suffered agonies for Mr. Massie. It seemed to me criminal that so sensitive a man, however brave, should be subjected to such mental torture. The major who was responsible would, I hoped be sacked—but Messrs. Dehn and Asquith have a nicer sense of irony: he gets his promotion—and is as satisfied with himself as you will be with this gripping and beautifully directed picture.

Mr. David O. Selznick's long, long, splendidly photographed version of Mr. Ernest Hemingway's novel, A Farewell To Arms, stars Mr. Rock Hudson as the young American serving in Italy with the Italian Red Cross in World War I and Miss Jennifer Jones as the British V.A.D. with whom he has a passionate affair, ending with her tragic death in childbirth. They left me totally unmoved. Only over Signor Vittorio De Sica, giving the performance of a lifetime as an army doctor broken by the war and shot by his compatriots, could I shed a single tear. There are tremendous action sequences—the Alpine battles and the retreat from Caporetto are undeniably impressive—but the love scenes are a bore and Miss Jones seems to find being a "simple girl" a terribly complicated business.

Until I saw The Duke Wore Jeans, I had never clapped eyes on Mr. Tommy Steele. It is with surprise and pleasure, I report that he seems to me to have a genuinely engaging personality and a very considerable talent for being himself. With Messrs. Michael Medwin and Alan Wheatley supporting, it's not bad fun.



GERALD LASCELLES (right), in his first review of records for The TATLER; discusses the prominence of the piano in present-day jazz, and the influence of Earl Hines (above, at the Festival Hall)



RECORDS

Changing styles in jazz

by GERALD LASCELLES

Istening to jazz—in fact to all forms of popular music—can be the greatest fun. Reading lengthy technical description of the same music can be extremely boring, and I try to avoid it wherever possible. I make no apology for basing my remarks on the relative security of a jazz foundation. As long as the American continent remains the fountainhead of popular music it is inevitable that the jazz idiom will intrude its main features—a swinging beat and an incalculable joie de vivre.

Thirty years ago the dominant instrument in jazz was the trumpet. The great stylists, Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke, left an indelible imprint on the following generation of all jazz instrumentalists. A decade later the clarinet enjoyed a period of popular leadership, but today the piano has displaced both in prominence of ideas.

In the forefront of those who boosted the piano to its present status are two old-timers, Art Tatum and Earl Hines. Tatum, who died two years ago, had a fabulous technique and added an entirely new concept of harmony to the established pattern of jazz sounds. His Humoresque (after Dvorák) is a party piece of inconceivable wit, which makes a good companion to the aggressively swinging Tatum-pole boogie.

Earl Hines, veteran pianist of early Armstrong records, availed himself of a recent European visit to record some exciting piano solos. His recording activities since the war have been small, if one concedes the fact that he reigns supreme today in most people's eyes. "Fatha" Hines swings mightily, but in a style which is basically more listenable than Tatum's. His

latest L.P. catches his every mood, with the accent primarily on tunes which he has never previously recorded. Work permits and union whims forbade him to record in London; his two-day trip to Paris was rewarding, but incurred the penalty of a moderate local bass player and a worse drummer. The results are still outstanding.

For those with open minds and cooler hearts there is an appropriate assortment on Vogue, where nine pianists of modern instincts display their prowess in a curate's egg of unprecedented size. Only Hampton Hawes and Al Haig alleviate the odour of decadence to my addled

More in keeping with a policy of new ideas, even if unpalatable to any but the most advanced listeners, comes "avant-garde" Thelonious Monk, joined by half-a-dozen strong blowers and beaters. His thoughts take on where Duke Ellington left off, which is good enough for me.

That long-haired lowbrow Dave Brubeck sells vintage standards (Blue Moon, Jeepers Creepers) in a curiously titled Jazz At The Black Hawk, which seems to overlook the fact that one track only was recorded in this popular Californian jazz haunt.

Selected Records

EARL HINES—Philips BBL7222. 12-in. L.P.
ART TATUM—Philips BBE12136. E.P.
THELONIOUS MONK—London LTZ-U15097.
12-in. L.P.

FATS WALLER—RCA RC-24004. 10-in. L.P. PIANISTS GALORE—Vogue LAE12097. 12-in. I.P.

DILL JONES-Nixa NJ2021. 78.

A day at the races

To stand out in a crowd, follow the technique of the cameraman. Choose clear lines, sudden contrasts, and avoid confusion. In short, why not white, with or without black? Leave the dazzle prints and fussy trimmings to others. When the field is crowded, it is the bold, simple effects that catch the eye

For days when the wind whistles over the heath, Rima's featherweight coat (above) of white Italian mohair. At Cresta, Bond Street and Brighton, and Samuels, Manchester. It is also made in a wide range of pastel colours. Price: about 26 gns. Hat from The Mad Hatter, Ascot:

£5 15s. 6d.

Studying the runners after lunch at the completely renovated Royal Ascot Hotel in Peggy Allen's black wool georgette coat. It is worn over a white silk-chiffon dress with tiny black spots. The dress, which has shoe-string shoulder-straps and floating fullness at the back, is also suitable for dining out and dancing after the day's racing. At Tina Berlyn, Bond St., and Bon Marché, Liverpool. Sold separately, the coat costs approx. 27 gns., the dress approx. $40\frac{1}{2}$ gns. White swansdown hat from The Mad Hatter, Ascot: £7 17s. 6d.





Michel Molinar

A winner for the débutante at her first Royal Ascot. From Harrod's Model Room a dress of white organza, hand-tucked and appliquéd with guipure lace. It is worn over a stiffened, white taffeta foundation and many petticoats. Price: 120 gns. The hat from The Mad Hatter, Ascot: £6 16s. 6d. Her escort's tailor: Benson, Perry & Whitley, Ltd., 9 Cork Street, W.1.



Indispensable partners

The day's racing is over, the winnings are reckoned. Back in the bar of the Royal Ascot Hotel an aperitif for celebration (or perhaps condolence). This racegoer chooses one of the season's happiest ideas for a matching dress and coat. The rose-patterned chiffon dress has a silk taffeta coat printed with the same design. The voluminous coat has a full back gathered into the yoke. The bodice of the dress is finely ruched and close-fitting. From Harrod's Model Room. Together the dress and coat cost $136\frac{1}{2}$ gns.





INDISPENSABLE for many of the events of the Season is a silk dress with its partnering top coat. Here on the Horse Guards' Parade is a model coat in Dugano satin from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It buttons down the front and has low-set mock pockets. Designed to be worn with it is the printed silk dress (opposite) in green and white, with back fullness to the skirt. Coat and dress together cost about 38 gns. The rose toque from the model millinery department at Harvey Nichols, 14 gns.

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For the grand occasion, the court ball, the season's most spectacular events, Worth's dress of white paper taffeta printed with bouquets of flowers. A Bianchini fabric, showing its design in the voluminous skirt, which is pleated at the waist to emphasize the swathed moulding of the bodice. Photographed at Cercle De La France, 6 Hamilton Place

How to face the music

-traditional and modern





Above: The short evening dress in its summer aspect, white-and-black spot crepe chiffon edged with black organza, distinguished with appliqué of guipure lace flower motifs. A Peggy Allen model at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham. The price: about $59\frac{1}{2}$ gns.

Photographed at Les Ambassadeurs, 5 Hamilton Place, W.1

Left: The short evening dress, easy to dance in and easy to manage, is likely to become just as permanent as the ball dress. For restaurant wear and theatres, for country-house dances where dew-laden paths may have to be trodden, it is more practical. And it can be just as spell-binding, as demonstrated by Victor Stiebel's short dress of white slipper-satin with Wedgwood blue paper-taffeta coat. It has a drawstring neckline and great cuffs of white fox.

For lunching in town





Left: Utter black relieved only by a necklet of river pearls. Christian Dior's coat in heavy wild silk is worn over a dress of the same black silk with a black straw hat by Simone Mirman, At Harrods, London, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham.





Photographed at Les Ambassadeurs, 5 Hamilton Place, W.1

Michel Molina

Centre: Stark white and again a Christian Dior model in heavy wild silk. A slim, fitting dress worn with a large revered jacket. The tiny flowered toque is again by Simone Mirman. At Rocha, Grafton Street; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; McDonalds, Glasgow. Price: the dress and jacket together, approximately 61½ gns.

Above: Fortnum & Mason's black-and-white printed silk suit has a straight, fitting jacket, topping a slim skirt. Worn with it: Maxwell Croft's coat in Emba "Autumn Haze" natural brown mutation-mink which has wrist-length push-up sleeves and tapered shoulders. The straw hat is also from Fortnum & Mason. Price of the suit: £31 10s.

This is the year of chiffon

Across the lawns of Henley, Eton, Glyndebourne this year you will see chiffon. Paris has decreed that this is the fabric of the year. These two dresses from Harrods are both made of printed nylon chiffon, which is virtually uncrushable and therefore ideal for car journeys and long hours of sitting.

The dress of apricot chiffon printed with penny-sized dots (opposite) has a coat of the same colour in heavy wild silk lined with the chiffon. Price: 19 gns. and 37 gns. respectively. Both garments can be bought separately. The Baku straw hat costs 17 gns., the calf handbag £11 19s. 6d. and the kid gloves £2 14s. 9d. Also in nylon chiffon scattered with huge pastel-coloured discs is the ankle-length evening dress with deep décolleté at the back and trimmed with a couple of bows. The cost of the evening dress is 25 gns.

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK





Ideal for race meetings, the collapsible chairs (above) are covered with striped "Tygan" (low chair £2 IIs. 9d., higher chair £3 I2s. 6d.). The Formica top table folds flat (£1 9s. 7d.). Harrods



There is a removable tray and storage space in this picnic hamper (above) fitted for a party of six people (£42 15s.). Obtainable from Asprey and Co., Ltd., New Bond Street

For outings

out of town

by JEAN STEELE

SHOPPING



Two easy-to-clean tablecloths (left). The Terylene cloth in a contemporary design dries quickly and needs no ironing (£2 19s. 6d.). The French cloth in checks or multi-coloured stripes on white is coated with plastic (£3 3s.). Harrods



The detachable bag in the "Karricool" imitation Luxan bag is insulated, and will keep foods hot or cold (left). It would be ideal for carrying butter or frozen foods. (£2 8s. 9d.). Harrods



Glasses, a bottle-opener and three bottles can all be carried safely in this cocktail basket (£8 19s. 6d.). Harrods



The strong willow cocktail-hamper is partitioned to take six beer or tonic bottles, three spirit bottles and syphon (£10 12s. 6d.). Debenhams



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TWO VIEWS of the "Touffe" coiffure by Alexis of Antoine. The first shows the daytime dressing, and the other the evening style, with flower pins fixed in the hair





BEAUTY

The face—and the pace!

by JEAN CLELAND



A STHE SEASON revs up, everything else moves to a faster rhythm. As a hairdresser said before one of the Presentation Parties: "I wonder how many curls are being twisted up and pinned in place today." I stopped wondering, the thought made me dizzy.

Young girls enjoying their first Season take the round of luncheons, cocktail parties, dinners and dances in their stride. It is the "Mums" who tend to flag. What can one do to keep the looks fresh and unweary?

My advice is to start at the feet and work upwards. Feet are tremendously important during a busy time. If they feel tired it follows that you look tired. You can't help it. A famous beautician once went so far as to say, "look after your feet and your face will look after itself." That may be an exaggeration, but the best facial in the world will be of no use if you walk with discomfort.

A visit to the chiropodist—if necessary—followed by a pedicure at one of the beauty salons, pays good dividends, and makes you feel years younger right away. For maintaining comfort I recommend a foot balm made by Rose Laird. Massaged over and under the insteps, well into the balls of the feet and between the toes, this soothing, greaseless cream helps to prevent any infection and keeps the feet beautifully fresh.

For general refreshment after the tiring day, and before setting out again in the evening, few things are more effective than a hot bath with pine essence. An extremely good essence of this kind is Wiberg's. It not only takes the ache out of the limbs, but is invigorating to inhale as the scent of pine mingles with the steam from the hot water. Another refreshing scent for the bath is that of sandalwood, and those who have a fondness for this will be pleased to hear that Morny's now have it in a wide range of bath luxuries, including bath salts crystals, bath salts tablets, bath essence, and a new skin perfume. Together with the sandalwood soap, this makes a delightful range likely to appeal to young girls and older women alike.

To quickly "renew" the face and bring fresh

sparkle to the eyes, take a quarter of an hour's rest after the bath. Spread on a good face pack and lie back while it dries, with eye pads soaked in eye lotion over your closed eyelids.

For touching up the complexion during the busy days ahead there is Charles of the Ritz's new compressed-powder compact which made its début in this country at a pre-luncheon sherry party given in his salon in Hill Street. In addition to the impromptu bar for drinks set up in one corner of the room, there was a second and equally busy bar in another corner where two Charles of the Ritz assistants were kept hard at it, blending powder to each guest's individual colouring and compressing it on the spot. The powder was put into a small silver container-or godetand placed in a shining chromium-plated cylinder which looked like a neat little espresso coffee machine. Guests were allowed to work it themselves. This consisted of pulling a handle down very slowly, moving it from side to side-which is an untechnical way of describing how air was pumped into the machine on the same principle as a bicycle pump-until the dial at the head of the cylinder registered 4,000 lb. pressure. Then the handle was returned to its starting point.

The loose powder was now transformed into a finely compressed disc of powder. This was transferred to a charming tortoiseshell case, complete with puff. The whole operation apart from the actual mixing and blending of the powder, only took a couple of minutes.

Working upwards we come to the hair, the styling of which is always of such importance. One of the newest styles I have seen has been designed by Alexis of Antoine. He calls it the "Touffe" because he says it is as light and airy as a spray of feathers. The style is equally suitable for day or evening wear. The hair is shaped to medium-short length, and dressed across the forehead elevation into a light "touffe" to contrast with the forward fullness. This sweeps down from the back of the head to "retroussé" ends at the sides. The back is shaped into the nape in curved movements. The addition of floral pins in blended colours provides a soft decorative effect for the evening.

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This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization. A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

They are engaged



Karene Jordan, ances Karene Jordan, Aughter of Lt.-Col. F. H. D.S.O., M.C. and Mrs. The Avenue, Clifton, York, rry Mr. Richard Arthur Onslow, who is the son Mary Onslow of Hood Iphin Square, Westminster youn Jorda Jord: Mich

Miss Fronna A. C. Blewitt, second daughter of Col. and Mrs. Basil Blewitt of The Hermitage, Neston, Cheshira is engaged to Mr. Ronald Barry Anthony Harrington, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Evelyne Harrington, Belvedere, Tivoli, Cork, Eire



Miss Helen Mary Anne Cook, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Cook, Cluny Drive, Rosedale, Toronto, is engaged to Mr. Theodore George Roderick Brinckman, elder son of Col. Sir Roderick Brinckman of Mornington House, Wimbledon Common, and Mrs. Margaret Brinckman of Cargill House, Ottawa



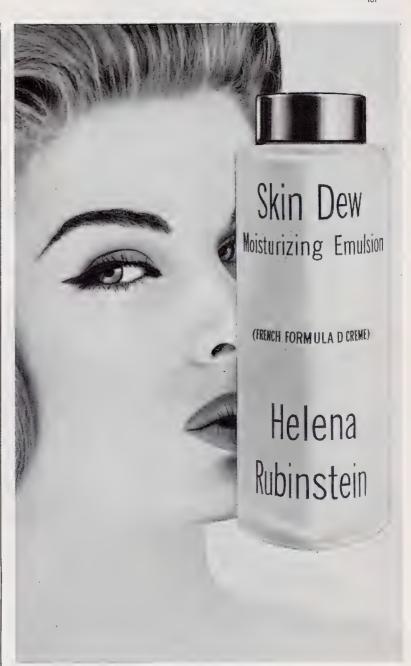
Hamilton Walter



Miss Milagros Mahony, elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. E. R. Mahony, Killinan, Kilchreest, Co. Galway, has announced her engagement to Mr. Dayrell Gallway, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Gallway of Rockfield, Tramore, Co. Waterford



Miss Virginia Ross Farrow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Ross Farrow, of Grosvenor Crescent, Edinburgh, is engaged to Mr. Harry R. M. Fox, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Fox, of Robin Gate, Tunbridge Wells



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Gentle—Walker. Mr. Rupert Gentle, 'only son of Sir Frederick Gentle, Bt., Q.C., and Lady Gentle, of Marine Gate, Brighton, married Miss Daphne Grace Walker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. G. Walker of Cranleigh, Clif Road, Birchington, Kent, at St. Mary's Church, Caterham



Blair—Greenup. The marriage took place at Eton Parish Church of Mr. Alister Blair, eldest son of Cdr. and Mrs. Ronald Hunter Blair, of Camsie, Charlestown, Fife, and Miss Jennifer Greenup, elder daughter of the Rev. Basil and Mrs. Greenup of Eton College

Wedding Days

Harvey—Chilton. Mr. Michael Harvey, only son of Mr. Egbert Harvey, of Parkgate, Cheshire, and of Mrs. Madeleine Degenhardt, of Sheffield, was married to Miss Barbara Chilton, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Chilton, of Keswick, Cumberland, at Crosthwaite Church



Kunz—Pitt. It was the last wish of Mr. Charlie Kunz the pianist, who died recently, that the wedding of his son, Mr. Gerald Kunz, to Miss Elizabeth Anne Pitt, should go on as planned and it took place at the Chapel of St. Cross, Winchester. Mrs. Kunz is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Pitt, of West View, Barton Stacey, near Winchester



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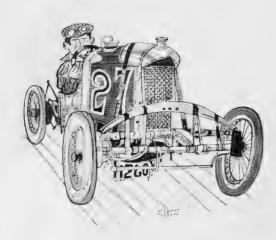


THE LOW-DRAG OUTLINE of this Jaguar is a valuable help to the powerful engine in propelling the car at up to 140 m.p.h. This model is the new XK150, which is for export only. It is now being exhibited at the New York Automobile Show

MOTORING

When the going is windy

by OLIVER STEWART



T WAS a little trying to find the car in front of me engaging in what looked like a series of skating figures. We were both moving at 70 miles an hour along a straight, open stretch, near Derby, and the car in front drifted back and forth across the road in a graceful sequence of S turns. The reason was clear enough: a gale of wind blowing across the road.

Many cars are difficult to hold on an exact course in a strong cross wind. Where manufacturers have done wind tunnel tests, it has nearly always been with a view to diminishing the drag caused by a headwind. If sidewinds are taken into account, the problem becomes dreadfully complicated. But the driver can hold all but a few of the more slab-sided vehicles on course if he concentrates enough. The point to be noted is that it is risky to dream and drift along when there is a strong side wind.

Drag does not become a critical factor in car performance until the 50 or 60 m.p.h. mark has been passed. Then streamlining becomes a partner with engine power and must be highly regarded. The schoolboy was right who, when asked to explain how the tortoise had beaten the hare in the famous race, replied that it was because the tortoise had aerodynamic coachwork.

In America (how is it that it seems to be necessary to begin with that phrase so often?) studies have been undertaken to reduce fuel consumption by increasing compression ratio. In fact the claim is made that the compression ratio can be so raised that fuel consumption figures equal to those obtainable with a compression ignition unit can be achieved.

Compression ignition engines (diesels to you) work in ratios of around 20 to one. Most ordinary petrol engines are down at somewhere between five and ten to one, meaning that the charge when taken into the cylinder is compressed five to ten times over by the time the piston reaches top dead centre. It is a fact of automobile engineering that higher compression ratios are the most direct and certain means of getting more power out of a given quantity of fuel.

But, with petrol, knocking and pinking make nuisances of themselves at high ratios and although they can be abated by special fuels and special additives (what should we do without the marvels of motoring jargon?) they cannot be eliminated. It is primarily to design that we must look for really high ratios in petrol engines and, if it is true that 15 to one is now attainable

without ill-effects, there should be substance in the claim that great improvements in economy will soon be attainable.

A great fuss was made about the Ministry of Transport's announcement of the overhead highway that is to be built to the west of London. But the overhead idea has been canvassed repeatedly. Nevertheless it is good to see action taken; where there are still grounds for criticism is in the integration of transport systems.

Transport, I have repeatedly urged, should be looked upon as a continuum. One should not put rail transport in one compartment, air in another and road in another. They should be integrated. And two of them in particular—the two that interest me—go together like a horse and carriage, air and road. Thus it is, and has long been, my view that no new airport should be built except as part of a road-air scheme.

Gatwick, for instance, might have been accepted as a good airport if only proper provision had been made to deal with its terminal communications. As it is the Brighton road is a bad road and is already grossly overloaded, and the railway offers its passengers the worst kind of rush-hour hell. I regard with suspicion recent British Railways statements that its trains will be able to cope with the extra Gatwick traffic. If it is able to put on enough extra trains, it should have done so years ago. Its ordinary passengers have been crying out for them.

But had Gatwick been associated with an express overhead highway between the airport and central London, then it could have been given unreserved support. Air and road transport ought to be banded together. New airports should be sited well away from city centres and should be linked to those centres by express highways-going overhead where existing buildings make that necessary. Such schemes need vision. They need vision even more urgently than the Ministry's overhead highway plan. So although we must praise the Ministry for doing so much, we must regret that it did not do more, and add that the integration of air and road services would help both and give the country a really efficient transport continuum.

Here is a brief reply to my Leeds correspondent. The best car washing materials are plain water, a clean sponge and a clean, rinsed-out, leather. Proprietary cleaning agents are needed only when careless garage work has left oil or grease on the coachwork. Waxing is a special job, taking time and care. It is well worth while.

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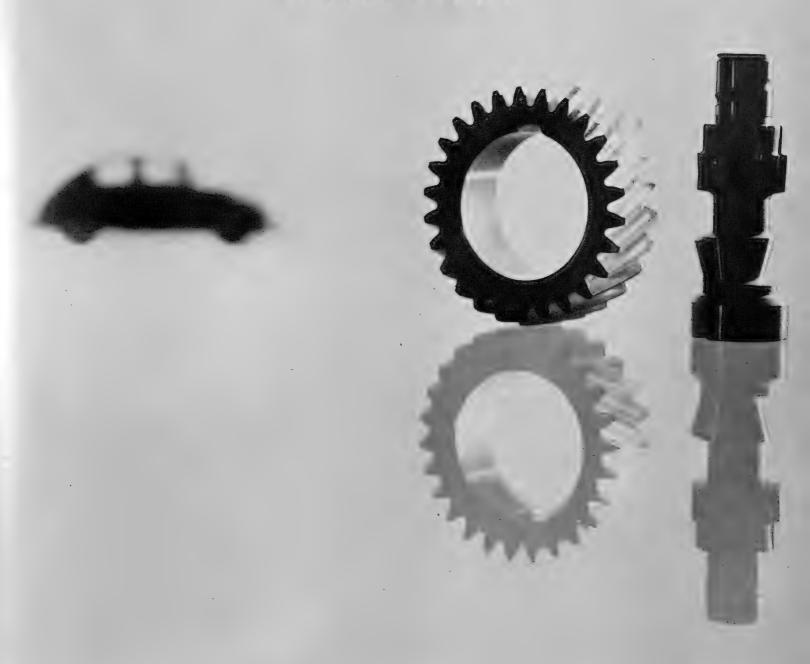
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DINING OUT

Countryside cuisine

by I. BICKERSTAFF

You may seldom travel into the wilds of Huntingdonshire, the off-beat paths of Surrey, or anywhere else, but in such places as these there are a number of inns which will provide you with good food, good service, friendly attention and comfort, frequently in very attractive surroundings.

Here are a few where I have wined and dined recently with success, all with a very affable atmosphere. First, the Ancient Shepherd at Fen Ditton near Cambridge, reached by turning left off the main road from Cambridge towards Newmarket. Grills galore are available. If it's a large fillet, rump steak or mixed grill, it will be called a "Cambridge": if it's called a "Ditton" you will not get such a large one and it will cost you about Is. 6d. less. This is a charming old pub with a short wine list at reasonable

Not far away is the Bridge Hotel at Clayhithe where you can get almost anything you want from fried scampi and Tartare sauce at 7s. 9d., to a delightful roast chicken dish at 8s. 9d., plus, of course, the usual grills; this with an extensive wine list, innkeeper Noel Jeffery having been in the world of catering for many years. What is more, you can sit and fish from their garden and have your pint brought to the water's edge, or catch a perch for breakfast.

From Huntingdon to Surrey, to the Black Horse at Gomshall between Dorking and Guildford. It has a magnificent bar festooned with copper pans, brasses, pewter mugs, guns, swords, and heaven knows what elsethe complete atmosphere of an old English inn and just the place to take your American guests. When you get there, introduce them to the master of the Inn, Mr. Smith, whom you will probably find behind the bar giving everybody a warm welcome.

You can get a table d'hôte lunch for 7s. 6d. or dinner for 11s. 6d., which will be very basic English, with roast lamb, beef or chicken, steak and kidney pie, apple pies and treacle tarts-and what better? Their well-chosen and moderately priced wine list contains maps of the wine districts, so that you can pinpoint where the wine you are drinking originated.

From something old to something brand new! So back into London to Massey's Chop House in Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

I first met Charles Massey when he was operating a very successful



charcoal grill in Chelsea. Now he has opened his own Chop House, with a revolving spit grill, and a charcoal grill. I went there on the opening night and it was quite a reunion because I met his old chef, Alfons Klej, and John Wilson, his former head waiter, both of whom have joined Massey in their old jobs.

The prices are very remarkable considering the size of the steaks: a fillet steak from the charcoal grill costing 11s. 6d. and half a spring chicken from

the spit, 9s. 6d. Both make most substantial meals.

The wine list is extensive and it appears that he has kept his prices to a minimum. In May he will have a full licence, and is even going to have draught beer available.

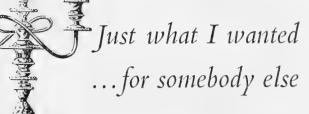
Charles is one of the few English members of the "Chaine du Rotisseurs," a very ancient order of Master Roasters, founded in France in 1248, and his grill gives ample evidence that this honour is well deserved.

I hope I have said enough to show that whether you are in town or country, you can generally find a place to give you a well-above-average meal. You may have to look hard, but the result is worth it, to anybody with epicurean leanings.





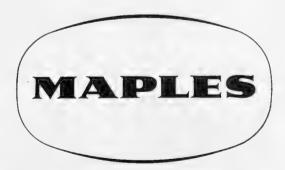
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Enterprise with scallops

by HELEN BURKE

o shop oneself—and more and more women (men, too) do their own shopping—is to be half-way towards varied cooking. One sees so many unthought-of things. Just now, for instance, beautiful globe artichokes, sprouting broccoli and little courgettes.

This past week, I bought scallops cheaper than for some time, and very good they were. They may be cooked in almost all the ways applied to lobster. As we had had them with a delicious cream sauce and mushrooms a week or so earlier, I thought it would be pleasant to give them a kind of "Americaine" touch. Served this way, in small portions, they make an excellent introduction to a "formal" meal or are perfectly satisfactory as a main dish for a light lunch.

Allow 8 large scallops for 4 servings. Cut each of the white parts into 4 pieces, but leave the red uncut. Gently cook both for 4 to 5 minutes in an ounce or so of butter. Pour 2 tablespoons of brandy over the scallops

and set it alight. Remove the scallops, cover them and keep them warm.

Add to the pan about 6 oz. consommé (canned will do or make it with hot water and a bouillon cube), 3 fairly finely chopped skinned and deseeded tomatoes and the juice from a tiny clove of garlic squeezed in a garlic press. This provides very little garlic, but is about right. Add seasoning to taste. Cook for 5 minutes.

Melt a walnut of butter in a saucepan and cook a small teaspoon of flour in it. Away from

the heat, stir in the strained consommé. Simmer gently for a few minutes to cook the flour. Add the scallops to this sauce, which should be about the thickness of double cream, heat through (but do not boil), finish with another walnut of butter and serve with the following rice:

Boil 6 oz. Patna rice until it is almost ready—that is, until there is barely a firm centre when a grain is bitten through. Drain, wash well in hot water, drain again and spread on a cloth to become dry. Heat $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. double cream in a pan and turn the rice over in it. Season well. Finally, add an ounce of butter and let it melt through, forking the rice carefully to blend the butter evenly.

A border of rice in an entrée dish with the scallops and their sauce in the centre, sprinkled with chopped parsley and, when available, chopped chervil and tarragon, really does make much of the so-called "poor man's lobster"

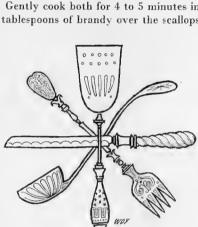
Pancakes filled with creamed scallops and mushrooms can be as exciting as those with lobsters or, for that matter, chicken or turkey.

Make the filling this way: Wash and trim 4 to 6 scallops, depending on their size. Cut the whites into smallish pieces but leave the "tongues" uncut. Put all into a smallish pan with 2 to 3 oz. sliced small white unopened mushrooms, a teaspoon or so of lemon juice and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint dry white wine and consommé, half and half. (A can of consommé or a chicken bouillon cube will do.) Add a tiny clove of garlic, cut almost through. Cover and cook very gently for 1 to 2 minutes. If they boil, the scallops will be toughened and the mushrooms are all the better for remaining a little firm. In any case, they are going under the grill later on. Remove garlic.

Melt $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. butter in another pan and simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. plain flour in it for a few seconds. Remove from the heat and add the stock from the scallops. Simmer, stirring, to cook the flour. Season to taste with salt and a few grains of Cayenne pepper. Add up to $\frac{1}{4}$ pint double cream, heat through, then taste again for seasoning.

Remove and reserve the scallop "tongues." Add just enough sauce to moisten the white parts and the mushroom. Divide the filling between the pancakes, spreading it half-way across each, then roll up. Place the pancakes in a rectangular heat-proof dish. Garnish with the "tongues" and pour the remaining sauce over them. Sprinkle generously with grated Parmesan and slip under the grill to brown.

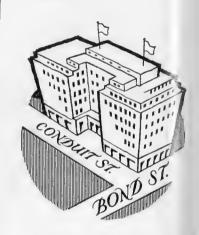
Left-over consomme? Turn it into the ice-cube tray in the refrigerator and freeze it. It will keep indefinitely and there will always be cubes on hand.





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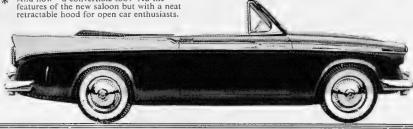
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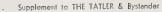
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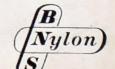
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